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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE COMING
OF THE
BIRDS
WORDS BY
ELAINE GODDALE.
BOSTON
S. E. CASSINO & CO.

The Divining of the Birds.

Elaine Goodale

THE

COMING OF THE BIRDS

BY

ELAINE GOODALE

REPRODUCED IN FAC-SIMILE

Illustrated

BY

ALEXANDER POPE

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BOSTON
S. E. CASSINO AND COMPANY
1883

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The Coming of the Birds.

On St. Valentine's Day,
As the legends say,
Each birdling chooses a mate,—
Here, mantled in snow,
Rude winter says "No!"
And hopefully still we must wait.

But when violets peep
From the hillsides steep,
And over them hums the bee,
Then merrily home
The wild birds come,
A bright little band to see.

Familiar and fair,
Their wings cleave the air,
And quiver, and flutter, and dally,
And each liquid note,
From a fresh-tuned throat,
Rings clear over woodland and valley.

O follow! O follow!
Thou lingering swallow,—
The robin and bluebird are here;
'Mid the tender leaves,
'Neath the dusky eaves,
Come, twitter and chirp your cheer.

Over dewy red clover,
Each gay little rover
May circle, and chatter, and play;
For a day he may wait
With his gentle brown mate,
Till the home-life calls him away.

Then he'll build him a house
'Mid the tangled boughs;
And in sunny summer weather,
In the quiet wood
He will rear a brood,
He and his love together.

The Coming of the Birds.

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As the legends say,
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Here, mantled in snow,
Rude Winter says "No,"
And hopefully still we must wait.

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From the hillside steep,
And over them hums the bee,
Then merrily home
The wild birds come,—
A bright little band to see!

Familiar and fair
Their wings cleave the air,
And quiver, and flutter, and dally,
And each liquid note
From a fresh-tuned throat
Rings clear over woodland and
valley.

O fallow! O fallow!
How lingering swallow,—
The robin and blue-bird are here;
Wild the tender leaves,
Near the dusky caves,
Come, twitter and chirp
your cheer!

Over dewy red clover
Each gay little rover
May circle, and chatter, and play;
For a day he may wait,
With his gentle brown mate,
Till the home-life calls him away.

Then he'll build him a house
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